

# STORIES OF AMERICA



Eva March Tappan

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**STORIES OF AMERICA**









THE PONY EXPRESS

# STORIES OF AMERICA FOR VERY YOUNG READERS

BY  
EVA MARCH TAPPAN

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



BOSTON AND NEW YORK  
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY  
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Drawings by Florence J. Hoopes





# STORIES OF AMERICA

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## WHAT TWO YOUNG MEN DID FOR THIS COUNTRY

AN English boy named Samuel Slater was once apprenticed to a cotton spinner in England in order that he might learn the trade.

Spinning had always been done by hand, but a machine that would do it better and much more rapidly had been invented, and the boy set to work with all his might to learn all there was to learn about it. He succeeded so well that he was able to suggest some improvements to his employer.

In 1789 three things came to pass in which the young man was interested. First, he learned that the American Congress had offered a bounty to any one who would introduce the spinning machine into the United States. Second, he came to his

twenty-first birthday and was free from his apprenticeship. Third, he sailed for New York to see if he could win the prize.

But England had passed a law punishing severely any one who should carry out of the country a model or even a drawing of the new machine; what could he do? Luckily for him, he had done his work so well and had studied the machine so carefully that he knew he could make one without either model or sketch.

He was not quite sure how he should go about it, but the way opened. When he reached New York, he heard that a Quaker, one Moses Brown, of Rhode Island, was interested in cotton spinning by machinery, and wrote to him at once, stating what he could do.

‘If thou canst do this thing,’ replied the Quaker, ‘I invite thee to come to Rhode Island and have the credit and the profit of introducing cotton manufacturing into America.’



The young man went. The wealthy Quaker helped him build mills, and the very first yarn that they spun was as good as the English.

There was now just one reason why cotton spinning should not become one of the greatest industries of the land, and that was the lack of cotton. Some of the Southern States had just the soil and just the climate for raising cotton, and yet this crop had never paid. The reason was that the seeds stick so firmly to the cotton in the pod that a woman could not clear more than one pound of cotton in a day, and no one could discover any way to do the work faster.

Slater had hardly finished building his first mill when another young man named Eli Whitney went from New England to Georgia. Even as a boy he had not only taken a watch to pieces, but he had put it together again. He had made a violin when he was a boy of twelve, and had been a

manufacturer of nails when he was only sixteen.

In 1789, when Slater was starting for America, Whitney was entering the freshman class at Yale. After graduating, he went to Georgia as a private tutor, but when he arrived, he found that the position was already filled. The widow of General Greene of Revolutionary fame became interested in the young man and invited him to make his home at her house while he studied law.

One day, when some planters were dining with her, they began to talk about cotton. They agreed that it would be a fine crop if only it did not cost so much to free it from its seeds.

Mrs. Greene said, 'Why don't you ask Mr. Whitney here beside you to find a way? He can do anything with tools.'

'Are you interested in cotton?' asked the planter, turning to him.

So the conversation began. Young Whit-



ELI WHITNEY AND HIS COTTON GIN

ney knew nothing about cotton, but he got some in the pod and studied it. Then he set to work to make a machine. It was easier for him to do the inventing than the making, for there was no one to work from his directions. There were no tools, and he had to make them himself.

The machine that he made was so simple that it seems now as if any one might have been able to invent it. Imagine small toothed wheels of metal extending a little way between bars like those of a gridiron and turning rapidly. On the other side of the 'gridiron' was cotton, and as the wheel turned, the teeth pulled out the cotton. It was free from seeds because, while the bars would let the cotton through, they were too close together to let the seeds through.

No one could say now that it did not pay to raise cotton, and the planters set to work with new life. Before Whitney's cotton engine, or 'gin,' as the negroes



called it, was invented, the whole South produced only about 500,000 pounds of cotton. The last year before the World War it produced nearly 14,000 times as much.

This is what two young men, Samuel Slater and Eli Whitney, did for our country.

## WHAT IS THE CONSTITUTION?

WHEN boys and girls form a society or club, the first thing to do is to make rules for its management, and state what shall be the work of each officer. For instance, the president is to preside at its meetings; the secretary is to keep a record of what is done at each meeting; and the treasurer is to take care of the club's money. These rules are called the constitution of the club.

After the Revolution the United States were hardly any more united than peas rolling about in a pan. Each State was afraid that the other States would get the better of it in one way or another. Sometimes a State would refuse to allow vegetables from another State to be sold within its boundaries unless their owner paid a tax.

All the States were afraid that Congress

would have too much power. They had fought hard to free themselves from a king, and now they had no idea of being ruled by any one else, not even by a Congress that they themselves had elected. The result was that Congress had hardly any power at all. If it tried to tax the States and one of them refused to pay, Congress could not make it pay. If an enemy had attacked the country, Congress could not have raised money to pay soldiers to defend it, not even enough to buy them guns and rations.

Indeed, there was no money to pay the men who had fought in the Revolution, or to pay France, who had helped with men and funds. There was plenty of paper money, to be sure, for not only the United States but even the separate States issued that; but if you examine a dollar bill, you will see printed on it, 'This certifies that there has been deposited in the Treasury of the United States of America one silver

dollar of to-day, payable to the bearer on demand.' A paper dollar is only a promise to pay, and is of no value unless there is coin to back it up, and Congress had no way to get that coin.

The wiser people saw that a constitution must be made, and a convention was held in Philadelphia to which the States sent delegates. They decided first of all that there should be three departments of the Government. The first (Congress) should make the laws of the land. It should also have the right to borrow money for public use or to raise it by taxation. Congress alone might coin money, establish post-offices, declare war, provide a navy, raise an army, and call out the militia.

If any State refused to obey the laws made by Congress, it was the business of the President (who represented the second department of the Government) to use whatever force might be needed to see that they were obeyed. To be able to do this,



he must have power; and that is why he was put at the head of the army and the navy.

Some of the members of the convention were afraid that the President would become too powerful, and they wished his term of office to be only one year in length. Others said that no man could do much of either good or evil in so short a time, and he ought to have seven years at least. At length they compromised, and the term was made four years. There was some question about how many presidents there should be. Some thought that if there was only one, he would have too much power. Some one else suggested that it would be rather difficult to command an army if there were three commanders-in-chief, and at length it was decided that there should be only one president.

The third department of the Government is the Supreme Court. Its business

is to decide just what a law means if there is any doubt about it. It is the highest court in the land, and after it has given its decision, there is no appeal.

This sounds simple and natural and as if it might have been settled without much discussion, but many questions arose before all would agree to it. For instance, it was not an easy matter to decide how many should be sent to Congress to represent each State. The larger States thought that they ought to have more Representatives because they had more people. The smaller States retorted, 'A State is a State, and all States should be represented equally.' Finally it was decided that each State, whether large or small, should send two Senators, but should send Representatives in proportion to the number of her citizens.

So it was that by yielding to one another our Constitution was made; and when a President comes into office, he

solemnly swears that he will, to the best of his ability, 'preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States.'

After the Constitution was made came the great question whether the States would adopt it. The first one to gladden the hearts of the delegates was little Delaware. She did not wait to see what the larger States would do, but voted for the Constitution at once. There was no telegraph in those days, but she sent a messenger on horseback at his best speed to report that she had 'fully, freely, and entirely approved, assented to, ratified, and confirmed the Federal Constitution,' and had done it unanimously too! Evidently there was no mistaking what Delaware's opinions were.

One by one the States adopted the Constitution, or 'came under the roof,' as it was called, and when nine had agreed to it, it became the law of the land. Then there were celebrations, processions, feasts,

music, and all sorts of good times. This was in 1789, and in 1889 the whole wide country celebrated its hundredth birthday.

When the Constitution was made, there were fewer than four millions of people in the land; on its hundredth birthday there were twenty-seven times as many.



## A NATION IN SEARCH OF A CAPITAL

ONCE upon a time our Congress had no home. It had met in several different cities. Sometimes a city would provide it with a place for meeting, sometimes it had to look out for itself; but in the whole United States Congress did not own even a cottage in which it might leave a pigeon-hole of papers and quill pens between sessions.

Now it was at the least undignified for the lawmakers of a nation, standing for the whole country as they did, to wander from place to place or even to become the guest of a single city. No one approved of this, and Washington in particular felt keenly that it was not at all proper. A permanent home must be found. 4

This was not easy, for every State in the Union would have been glad to have the capital city, and there was much jeal-

ousy. It must be as central as possible, for while an extra hundred miles or so is a small matter on a fast express, it is a matter of several days' delay in traveling on horseback or by carriage. It is no wonder that the States were inclined to be a little selfish in the business.

Washington had a way of looking far into the future. He believed that the United States would become a great nation, and he thought that the wide plain, with the Potomac flowing beside it and the hills surrounding it, was the very place for a capital. This was finally agreed to. The land which the President selected was named the District of Columbia, but Washington always spoke of it as the Federal City.

The new city had now a name — two names, indeed, but where was the city itself? The first thing to do was to have the land surveyed and a plan made. The surveying was put into the hands of a young

man of Pennsylvania named Ellicott. Planning the city was given to another young man, a French engineer named L'Enfant, who had come to America with the French troops.

The plan for securing the land without cost was ingenious. The farmers who owned it were persuaded to give it into the hands of the commissioners. L'Enfant then marked off what would be needed for public buildings and divided the rest into lots. Half of these lots were given back to the farmers for them to sell; and as they would, of course, increase in value, the farmers would make a large gain.

Among other buildings, L'Enfant planned a great church in which national thanksgivings might be celebrated and where the funerals of famous men might be held. He was an engineer of remarkable skill, but he had no skill whatever in getting along with people who did not agree with him. The commissioners wished to adver-

tise lots in the new district for sale. 'To do that would bring crowds of speculators,' said L'Enfant. 'They would buy the best land, cover it with shanties, and spoil the city,' he declared; and he refused positively to let the commissioners publish his map.

The only thing for Washington to do was to discharge him and tell Ellicott to continue the work and make a map. Ellicott obeyed, but, familiar as he was with L'Enfant's work, this was practically the same plan, and its glory belongs to the Frenchman.

L'Enfant was angry and deeply hurt. He refused to accept payment for his work, and refused to accept the city lot which the commissioners were ready to give him.

When the city was once planned and lots not needed for the Government were for sale, the people went wild. They were so sure that the land would become im-



mensely valuable that they were ready to pay almost any price that could be named.

There was no trouble in finding men who were eager to buy the land and hold it for a higher price, but to find men who would build on it and help make it a city was quite a different matter. Every one thought the plan remarkably fine, but one cannot build a town on a sheet of paper.

At the end of the year 1800, even the White House was anything but comfortable, although the wife of President John Adams in writing to her daughter pluckily called it 'habitable.' She admitted that not one room was finished, that the main stairs were not up, and that she had to dry the clothes in the big audience room. The house was cold because, although it was built in a forest, there was no one to cut and cart the wood. She was a brave lady, this Abigail Adams, and uncomfortable as she must have been, she wrote cheerfully that it was a beautiful

spot and that, if she could have some bells in the house and wood enough to keep warm, she intended to be pleased.

The Federal City was hardly more than the Federal wilderness. There was nothing attractive about it except its location. Its few streets had been cut through the woods. What is now Pennsylvania Avenue, the wide and noble boulevard that, broken by the Capitol and the White House, sweeps almost entirely across the city, was nothing but a bushy swamp. Another wide avenue had only four buildings. Save for these two, there was no trace of avenues to be seen. Here and there were half-built houses, cheap and shabby, the purses of whose owners had become too low to finish the work. Mud, bushes, shanties—this was all that in the year 1800 the wonderfully beautiful Washington of to-day had to offer to its visitors.

## THE LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE AT THE CROSSROADS

At the cry, 'The master's coming!' the children left their play and trooped into the schoolhouse. Even the big boys and girls hurried to be on time, for there was a great deal of whipping in the schools of a century ago, and it was a common saying, 'If you are not too big to do wrong, you are not too big to be punished.' In many homes, the child who had been whipped at school had a second punishment waiting for him when he reached home.

The district school stood at the crossroads. It had only one room besides a tiny entry where a pail of cold water and a tin dipper were always standing for the thirsty little folk who would say half a dozen times in a morning, 'Master, please may I get a drink?'

The desks were all of the same height, too high for some and too low for others. Most of them had been hopelessly whitened. They were rough, home-made articles, and the master's desk, standing in glory alone on a small platform, was little better.

The boys and girls were of all ages. Some were quite grown up. Others were just learning to read; and still smaller ones did not know their alphabet. These last sat on backless benches in front of the desks, so high that their little legs dangled forlornly about. Twice a day — oftener if there was time — the little ones were called to the master's desk. He opened the tiny blue-covered 'New England Primer,' pointed to a letter with the blade of his penknife, and demanded, 'What's that?' 'A'; 'What's that?' 'B'; and so it went on for a few minutes, and then they were sent back to their seats and told to sit still.

Sitting still was not such dull work as





THE LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE

it might seem, for something was generally going on. A teacher of an inventive turn of mind did not always use the rod ; he often planned more interesting punishments. A naughty girl was sometimes made to sit on the boys' side of the room ; a naughty boy on the girls' side. A boy who brought a wishbone to school was once made to stand on a bench with the bone straddling his nose until the close of school, hardly daring to breathe, for he knew that if he let it fall, the results would be unpleasant. What could be more fascinating than to watch that bone, expecting that it would slip from its lofty perch at any moment ?

There were at least twenty recitations a day, but no grades. How could there be when there were rarely half a dozen books of a kind ? When the master called a class, those who read somewhat equally well came forward and took their stand, their little wriggling toes 'toeing the line' ; that

is, a wide crack between the boards of the floor. Books were passed from one to another, and somehow the children did gather in a good deal of knowledge.

Much attention was paid to spelling. In some schools, all but the smallest children studied their spelling together out loud, pronouncing each syllable as they spelled: — ‘A-t, at, t-e-n, ten, atten, t-i-o-n, tion, attention.’ If one child made mistakes or mumbled or lagged behind, he was in disgrace. After this studying, the pupils toed the line again, and the master ‘put out’ the words. If one made a mistake, the word was given to the next, and so on until one spelled it correctly. He went proudly above all those who had failed.

Arithmetic was very important, but few children owned a textbook. The master would give an example and the child would write it in a blankbook, in his best handwriting, together with its solution, rule carefully a double line about it, and that

was all. Often there was no explanation whatever. If you 'got the answer,' that was enough. One former pupil declared that, when he told the master that he wanted to learn to cipher, that gentleman wrote five columns of figures, six figures in a column, and said, 'Add the figures in the first column, carry one for every ten, and set the overplus down under the column.' The youngster began to add at the left! Why shouldn't he? No one told him which end was 'first.'

To write a good 'copperplate hand' was a thing to strive for. Arithmetic and reading were necessary, but writing was not only necessary, it was a graceful accomplishment, a special mark of talent and of unusual ability. It required special tools. An old couplet declares:

'X things a penman should have near at hand—  
Paper, pounce, pen, ink, knife, hone, rule, plummet, wax, and sand.'

Pounce was a fine powder scattered over



an erasure so that it might be written on. Ink was made of gunpowder mixed with water. A knife was necessary because pens were made of quills, carefully cut to a point and split. The hone was to sharpen the knife. A plummet was a piece of lead used to rule lines on paper, for pencils were expensive. Wax was, of course, sealing wax, for envelopes were not in use. A letter was folded and then sealed. Blotting-paper was not yet invented, but fine black sand was put into a wooden box with small holes like a pepper box and shaken over the writing to keep it from blotting.

To 'mend the pens' of the pupils when they were worn, and to set copies for them, were important parts of the master's work, for 'Please mend my pen' was a constant appeal.

The district schoolhouse of a century ago had few books. It had neither pictures, maps, nor even blackboards. The teaching was often so poor that the boys



and girls had to do their own thinking. Perhaps that is why the little red school-house at the crossroads sent out so many good thinkers and scholars.

## WHEN THE UNITED STATES WENT SHOPPING

ONCE upon a time, the people who lived in what is now Kentucky, Tennessee, and in the country bordering on the Mississippi River were in great trouble. They were farmers, and they wanted to sell their products to the people in the Eastern States; but how should they ever get them there?

There were no railroads, and they had been accustomed to put their corn, flour, tobacco, grain, ham, and bacon on great flatboats and so float them down the Mississippi River to New Orleans. There they were stored in warehouses and sent by sailing vessels to the various cities.

Spain owned New Orleans and a great sweep of country on the western side of the Mississippi, known as the Louisiana Territory; and by treaty with Spain the farmers were allowed this use of New

Orleans. It now began to be whispered that Spain had given up this whole territory to France without a thought of her promises to the United States.

It is no wonder that the farmers were troubled. Before long they heard that French troops were making ready to cross the ocean. Then they demanded that American troops should be sent to protect them in their rights at New Orleans.

Now Thomas Jefferson, who was President, had no idea of giving up the rights of his country, but he did not mean to have war if it could be helped. Perhaps the French would be willing to sell a little land at the mouth of the river, at least the island on which New Orleans stood. He wrote to the American Minister in France to buy it if possible.

Meanwhile, Napoleon, ruler of France, was doing some thinking. He was planning a war with England, and he needed money. He could not defend the Territory,

and it would be better to sell it now than to have it taken away from him by the English. Suddenly he said,

‘I will sell you the whole of the Louisiana Territory for \$15,000,000.’

No one knew how much land there was in the Louisiana Territory, or whether it was fertile or only made up of rocks and deserts. There was much talk about the price. The Americans thought \$15,000,000 was a large price, and the French thought it was not nearly enough.

The offer, however, was accepted, and the United States was now more than twice as large as before the purchase was made.

One bright day in December, 1803, the American troops formed in the Place d’Armes, in New Orleans. The keys of the city were given up to the commissioners. The French Tricolor fluttered down the flagstaff, and the Stars and Stripes were drawn up. When the two flags were abreast, shots of salute were fired.

The Americans shouted, and the bands played. The American flag was drawn slowly to the top. The French flag slowly descended, and was received by a guard of honor of fifty old soldiers. They bore it reverently away, hats were removed, the American troops presented arms, and the Louisiana Territory was formally received as a part of the United States.



## OUR COUNTRY'S STRUGGLE WITH THE PIRATES

You can hardly take up a magazine or paper without seeing advertisements of trips to the Mediterranean Sea. People go there for pleasure now, but one hundred years ago they went at the risk of their lives. Any one who passed through the Straits of Gibraltar was in great danger of being captured by pirates and sold as a slave to the most cruel of masters.

These pirates were the people who lived in the Barbary States ; that is, Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, and Tripoli. Their land was fertile, and they could easily have raised almost any kind of crops that they wished ; but they liked better to dash out from their harbors, capture a merchant vessel, seize the cargo, and keep the sailors and passengers as slaves till ransom was paid. Sometimes the Government paid this ransom, and

sometimes it was paid by people of the churches to which the captives belonged.

It had become the custom for the countries of Europe to make costly gifts to these wretched pirates in order to prevent attacks upon their vessels. The United States had to do the same thing, because we had no navy. Even after a ransom had been paid, no one could be sure that the pirates would keep any agreement made with them. When 1793 had come, they held 180 Americans as slaves, and our Government had to pay \$1,000,000 to rescue them.

What was to be done? Washington, who was then President, warned Congress that if we were to have any commerce, we must build ships to protect it. Before many years had passed, we had built a little squadron; and now the time had come when we could stand for our rights.

The pirates were not very wise, for this was the time that Morocco, Tunis, and

Tripoli took to make war upon the United States. They declared that we had given more money to Algeria than to them, and had also given that country a vessel. They would not stand it, they said.

Now came our little squadron with flags flying and a cannon aimed straight at the Tripoli, Tripolitan ship-of-war. Three hours later, the Tripoli surrendered. One mast was already down. The American commander cut down the others, dropped all guns and powder into the sea, and left the vessel to make her way into harbor with one spar and one sail. This was a good lesson for the pirates, and America rejoiced.

The next thing that happened was the destruction of an American vessel, and again America rejoiced. This is the way that the rejoicing came about. We had built an especially fine frigate, named the Philadelphia, one of the best vessels in our little navy. It was sent to the Mediterranean,

and before long it chased a pirate vessel right into the harbor of Tripoli. Even with the guns pointed at it, the Philadelphia might have escaped had it not run upon a reef. The guns on one side of the frigate pointed up into the air, while those on the other side pointed down toward the reef. The pirate boats swarmed around it. The Americans could not fire their guns, neither could they get off the reef. They were helpless, and it was an easy matter for the Tripolitans to capture both vessel and crew.

It was bad enough to have to lose the splendid Philadelphia, but it was even worse to know that she would be refitted and become a part of the pirate force. This is exactly what did happen. The Tripolitans promptly pulled her off the reef and into the harbor; but the pirates were protected by the guns on shore, and nothing could be done to stop them. In a little while the Philadelphia would be sent to sea to destroy our vessels.



Could anything be done to prevent this? The Philadelphia lay in the midst of armed vessels. She was in perfect order and had forty guns of her own mounted and ready to fire, but she was protected by the shore guns. A young lieutenant, Stephen Decatur, had a plan. He would take a small vessel named the Intrepid, go straight into the harbor, seize the Philadelphia, and either rescue or burn her. This is just what he did. The pirates were not at all alarmed to see a small vessel with two or three men drifting toward them—the rest of the crew were hidden.

‘Our anchors were lost in the gale,’ said the Americans. ‘Will you let us fasten a rope to the frigate and ride by her?’

Lieutenant Decatur kept the pirates talking and they did not suspect any harm until the vessels were close together and Decatur shouted,

‘Board the frigate!’

Before the pirates were fairly over their



surprise, they were either cut down or driven overboard, and the Philadelphia was in the hands of the Americans.

To bring the frigate out of the harbor was impossible; but she must not be left for the Tripolitans; so she was set on fire and the little Intrepid, full of ammunition as she was, sailed swiftly and safely through the storm of shot from vessels on the water and batteries on the shore, even from the captured vessel herself, for as her guns became heated, they poured out shot in all directions, even into the town.

The news of the bold and venturesome act went slowly across the ocean. Is it any wonder that America rang with the name of Decatur?

The pirates were not dead, however, and a few years later Algeria declared war against the United States. Decatur, now Commodore Decatur, was sent to the Mediterranean with a squadron. He forced the Algerines to give up their American pris-

oners, pay for all the American property that they had destroyed, and to agree to make no more attempts to collect tribute from the United States.

So ended our country's struggle with the pirates.

### ‘FULTON’S FOLLY’

THERE was once a boy in Pennsylvania who could not decide whether he would be an artist or an inventor. Indeed, he never did decide, for sometimes he painted and sometimes he spent his time working on his inventions.

He was interested in canals, in making rope, in manufacturing torpedoes, in steamboats, and in many other things; and whatever he was interested in he always improved.

Another person who was interested in steamboats was Robert Livingston, of New York. He and Fulton worked together, and at length they produced the Clermont, the queerest-looking craft that was ever built. It had a sail and a mast. It had also a steam engine and a boiler, both set firmly in masonry so heavy that it weighed down the boat until it was a wonder the

water did not flow over the gunwale. Of course people went to see this boat, and of course they came away laughing at 'Fulton's Folly,' as they called it.

After a while there was an advertisement in the New York papers that the Clermont would carry passengers to Albany. But who would dare to go on such a crazy-looking craft as this? The story is told that before the boat started, one Friend said to another:

'John, will thee risk thy life in such a concern? I tell thee, she is the most fearful wild fowl living, and thy father ought to restrain thee.'

Crazy-looking or not, the boat started, and the people of New York crowded windows and roofs and wharves to get a sight of the 'fearful wild fowl.' It was a sight — and a sound too — for the machinery rattled and thumped, the paddles splashed and clattered, the steam hissed and roared. Such showers of sparks and

heavy black smoke were sent up into the air that it was said the sailors on the boats in the river hid below deck, and put their fingers into their ears, and prayed with all their might to be saved from this terrible monster.

But the monster moved. 'Hurrah! Hurrah!' shouted the crowds on the banks. 'Hurrah!' cried the garrison at West Point, every man of them on the riverbank, gazing eagerly at the marvel of a boat, sailing up the river, against wind and current, and with nothing to drive it on except a little steam.

Onward they went. The people on shore cheered, and the passengers cheered. Sailboats, rowboats, every kind of small craft that could keep on the surface of the water was afloat and filled with people shouting and waving their handkerchiefs, and in just thirty-two hours the Clermont had sailed one hundred and fifty miles and had come to Albany.





FULTON'S FOLLY

It was only four or five years before steamboats were on our rivers and lakes, and in 1819 the steamship Savannah crossed the ocean. Just off Cape Clear she was pursued by a British cutter. Its captain saw the cloud of sparks, supposed that the strange vessel was afire, and came with kindly speed to her rescue.

## THE MIDSHIPMAN'S FIRST BATTLE

Boys of thirteen do not often go to war; but one morning in February, 1813, young Alexander Perry set off from Newport, Rhode Island, with his big brother, Oliver Hazard Perry, for one of the fiercest battles that America had ever seen.

By wagon and by sleigh they went to where Erie now stands. Here was a Government shipyard, but an idle one; for carpenters and stores and timber were wanting. Stores or no stores, the bold young commander proceeded to build ships. He did not wait for the carpenters, but went straight to Buffalo and got others. There was no timber, but there were forests, and out of unseasoned wood he built a fleet.

Meanwhile the British commander was having a fine time in a Canadian village which had invited him and his officers to

a dinner. In a speech he said comfortably :  
'I expect to find the Yankee brigs hard  
and fast on the bar at Erie when I return.  
It will be but a small job to destroy them.'

This troublesome sand bar was in front of  
the harbor at Erie, but Perry had managed  
to get his vessels over it and was cruising  
about in search of the British fleet. At  
last one bright morning the lookout at the  
masthead of Perry's flagship, the Lawrence,  
called, 'Sail ho!' and signaled to the other  
vessels, 'Enemy in sight!' Then, 'Get  
under way!' Then up to the masthead  
swung a square blue flag or burgee, and  
on it in big blue letters were the last  
words of the hero Lawrence, 'Don't give  
up the ship!' There was a roar of cheers  
from ship after ship, for this was the sig-  
nal for battle.

Perry forgot that he was sick of a fever,  
and the young midshipman forgot that he  
was only a boy, and he was eager to do a  
man's work. A terrible slaughter followed.

Some vessels were left without a man. Men too sorely injured to stand lay on the deck and helped pull the ropes. Others badly wounded were carried below, and balls coming through the thin sides of the vessel ended their lives. On the Lawrence only one gun could now be used. Suddenly the big burgee was hauled down and the pennant was hauled down. 'They have surrendered!' cried the British, and the air rang with their cheers.

The boy midshipman was in the thick of it all. A hammock driven in by a cannon-ball knocked him down; his clothes were torn by flying splinters; and two shots passed through his cap; but he would not leave the deck.

But the Stars and Stripes had not been hauled down. This was no surrender, and the British stopped cheering. A little row-boat darted away from the Lawrence, aiming for the Niagara. Through rifts in the smoke Perry could be seen standing up-



right in the boat, the burgee and the pennant wrapped about his arm. The Lawrence was out of commission, and Perry was taking the Niagara for his flagship. A ball crashed through one side of the little boat. Perry pulled off his coat and stuffed it into the hole. Pennant and burgee were hoisted on the Niagara. The British line was soon broken, and the famous message was scribbled on an old envelope, 'We have met the enemy, and they are ours.' The British fleet had surrendered to a young man of twenty-seven who had never seen a naval engagement.

This was the boy Alexander's first battle.

## THE LITTLE LADY OF THE WHITE HOUSE WHOM EVERYBODY LOVED

WHEN pretty little Dolly Payne went out into the sunshine to play, she wore a sun-bonnet, which was sometimes sewed on by her careful mother, and also a white linen mask. These were to keep tan and freckles away from the pink-and-white skin.

Dolly loved pretty things, and she did so wish that she had a slender gold chain to wear about her neck. This was not according to the rule of her Quaker parents; but Dolly had a grandmother who understood little girls, and one day the child's heart beat fast with joy, for in a tiny white linen bag hidden by a neckerchief she wore a gold chain and maybe a pin or a ring. To be sure, they could not be seen, but it was a delight to know that they were there.

Dolly became the wife of James Madi-

son, and James Madison became President of the United States, and — what did her Quaker father say?—she went to the inaugural ball with bare neck and arms and wearing a yellow velvet gown and a Paris hat with a feather in it. She was just as pretty and charming as ever. ‘She has a smile and a winning word for everybody,’ said Washington Irving.

Dolly had no enemies, for she treated everybody in so friendly a way that no one could help liking her. When things did not go smoothly with the President and a member of the Cabinet, she sent a pleasant little note to the member’s wife, saying that she, Dolly, was not quite well, and would be grateful if that lady would preside at the reception in her place — which that lady was most delighted to do.

She had a way of making even a person who had done something awkward feel at ease. The story is told that at one of her

receptions, a bashful young man dropped his saucer, and in his nervousness tried to stuff the cup into his pocket. 'People do jostle one badly in a crowd, don't they?' said the hostess in a matter-of-fact way, and sent for another cup of coffee, quite as if it was the custom to put the first cup into one's pocket.

All Dolly's tact was needed, for war broke out with England, and many felt that the President ought to have prevented it in some way. As the British drew near to Washington, Dolly packed up carefully the White House silver, the Cabinet papers, the original draft of the Declaration of Independence, and Stuart's portrait of Washington, and sent them to safety, then she fled.

At one house where she asked for shelter, she met what was perhaps the first rudeness that she ever knew, when the lady of the house screamed, 'Mrs. Madison, if it is you, leave my house! Your

husband has got mine into fighting, and you shan't stay here!'

The British burned the city and retreated. The President and his wife came together and set up their housekeeping in what was known as the 'Octagon,' an eight-sided house in Washington. It was not long before 'Late one afternoon came thundering down Pennsylvania Avenue a coach and foaming steeds, in which was the bearer of good news'—so says one who was present.

The good news was that peace was declared. Everybody flocked to the President's house, for every one wanted to congratulate every one else. People of different parties smiled upon one another, and Dolly smiled upon them all, or as many as could get into the house through the wide-open doors.

There was little time for dressing up, but Dolly did like bright colors, and I have no doubt that she managed to slip



into one of her pretty gowns. Refreshments were served; though how they could have been made ready in so short a time is a mystery; and while 'the rockets' red glare' was lighting up the whole city, and the cannon were joyfully booming out salutes, and Dolly Madison was smiling upon the throng, they all forgot that President Madison had ever been blamed for the war.

There were all kinds of sounds of rejoicing, and if any one had listened at the top of the basement stairs, he might have heard the President's favorite colored man fiddling away with all his might on 'The President's March,' which we call 'Hail Columbia!'

At the end of Madison's term of office, he and his wife went to their country home, eighty-four miles from Washington. Friends and famous folk from Europe followed them. When there were too many visitors for the dining-room, the tables were set on the lawn. At one dinner there

were ninety guests, 'but only half a dozen stayed all night,' Mrs. Madison wrote to her sister.

After President Madison's death, his wife returned to Washington. There was nothing lonely about her life, for she never lost the charm of her tact and her unfailing courtesy. One visitor described her as 'a young lady of fourscore years and upward,' and spoke of her going to parties and receiving visitors 'like a queen.'

But a queen needs a full purse, and Dolly Madison's was getting low because of the demands of a spendthrift son by a first husband. In much the fashion of a fairy tale, however, there appeared a magic package of papers for which Congress willingly paid her \$30,000. At the Convention for making the Constitution, it had been agreed that, in order to give perfect freedom of speech, the discussion should be private. Madison believed, however, that in years to come, having a full ac-

count of this discussion would help people to understand the Constitution. Therefore he sat with pen and inkhorn and wrote day by day just what each man said. He was the last living member of the Convention; to make the report public could do no harm now, and indeed he had wished to have it published after his death. It is now one of the Nation's treasures.

Much of the \$30,000 and also the country house went to pay the son's debts. Then Congress came to the rescue. It offered to pay \$20,000 for Mr. Madison's letters, and very wisely looked out for Dolly Madison's advantage by putting the money in trust for her benefit. Congress gave her the franking privilege—that is, the right to send her mail without paying postage; and also reserved for her a seat on the floor of the House of Representatives whenever she might choose to occupy it.

Dolly Madison was not a great woman

nor a learned woman nor a specially talented woman; but she loved to make other people happy. Therefore other people loved her and this made her happy.

### ‘CLINTON’S BIG DITCH’

AFTER the United States bought Louisiana, no one interfered with the farmers of the ‘Far West’ in sending their produce down the Mississippi to New Orleans and from there up the coast. As time passed, however, the farmers realized more and more what a long, expensive journey this was, and how costly it made their tools and cloth and other manufactured articles, for all these had to be brought from the East. Then, too, the people in the East realized more and more that this long journey was making farm produce unreasonably dear, although the farmers themselves gained nothing by the high price. This was making people unwilling to move to the West, because they would be so far from a market.

It is no wonder that many people tried to plan some cheaper and quicker way to



carry produce to the East and manufactured goods to the West. If there were only rivers running in the right direction, how convenient it would be — a river flowing across the State of New York, for instance, say from Buffalo to Albany! Why not make a river, or rather a canal? Then goods brought to Buffalo could be sent farther west by way of the lakes. Farm produce could be put on board canal boats at Buffalo and go straight to New York City.

To dig a canal, however, between three and four hundred miles long would be a greater undertaking than had been attempted in America or anywhere else. There were no steam shovels in those days, and every pound of dirt must be lifted by a man with a shovel. Such a canal would be a gain to other States as well as to New York; would not the Government help? No, the Government had its hands full. 'Then the State of New

York will do it alone,' declared some of the plucky New Yorkers.

The Governor of New York, DeWitt Clinton, was pluckiest of all, and no matter who was downhearted, he was never discouraged. People laughed about 'Clinton's big ditch,' but they were proud of their determined Governor, and when the time came to celebrate the opening of the canal, they could hardly cheer him loud enough.

Such a celebration as it was, a celebration more than five hundred miles long! At the Buffalo end of the canal lay five hundred barges, bright with flags and streamers. These barges were for the Governor and the invited guests. They were drawn by horses, who walked along the towpath, four to a boat. Handsome grays they were, and they seemed to enjoy the music of the bands and the cheering of the crowds.

All the way to New York City cannon

were placed five miles apart; and when the sluice was opened and the water of Lake Erie rushed into the Erie Canal, the cannon were fired, one after another, so that the news reached the city in a very short time.

Then came speeches and music; then cheers upon cheers as Governor Clinton held up high, so that all might have a look, two little brightly painted casks of water brought all the way from Lake Erie, and emptied them into the sea to show that lake and ocean were now united. Parades and balls and illuminations followed; and so the Erie Canal was opened.

## THE INVENTION THAT WOULD BE 'BAD FOR THE COW'

AFTER people had seen that steam would move boats on water, they began to wonder if it would not also move wagons on land. An English engineer, George Stephenson, built an engine and a short railroad in England, and a little later he did the same thing in New Jersey.

These railroads worked well, but somehow people did not seem at first very much excited about the new method of travel. Indeed, it was several years before they seemed to understand that railroads had come to stay and that they were a great improvement upon wagons.

The pictures of those first trains look very funny to-day. The cars were shaped like coaches perched upon four wheels so close together that one would expect the coach to pitch over head-first at any mo-

ment. At the front and back of each car sat a man quite as if they were driver and footman. The engine looked more like a machine for spraying trees than a locomotive. It had a tall, slender smokestack, and out of this poured heavy black smoke.

Whenever the train was getting ready to start, the people stood around and found fault with it.

‘Some one in England asked Stephenson what would happen if a cow got on the track, and he said, “It would be very bad for the cow,” ’ said one man.

‘There’d be no cow there,’ growled another. ‘This new-fangled affair would frighten the farm creatures to death.’

‘If that thing is in the land, I’ll sell every sheep I have, for the wool would be so black we could do nothing with it.’

‘Look at the coal it will take to keep that great fire-going! There’ll be no bit of it left in the country.’

‘They say,’ said another man rather





AN EARLY RAILROAD TRAIN

timidly, 'that the smell of it makes fevers.'

'Twelve miles an hour is worse than any fever,' said another man, shaking his head wisely. 'It is an awful rate of speed. The passengers will have no breath left if they go through the air that way.'

But no matter what people said of the railroad, the inventor kept on experimenting. Rails made of wood were tried, then rails with a strip of iron on the top. An attempt was made to move the cars with sails, then with horses ; but little by little, people saw that steam was better than either, and one railroad after another adopted it.

Then came improvements. Engines were built that could climb steep grades and carry heavy loads. Articles no longer had to be made just where they were to be used. They could be manufactured wherever the material was found, and then carried wherever they were needed. Iron could be worked near the mines, wooden furniture

could be made near the forests. Refrigerator cars now carry fruit and vegetables from California to Maine. Mail cars are so fitted up that mail can be assorted on the train, and so delivered much more promptly. Dining-cars and Pullman sleepers make traveling almost as easy as staying at home. The best thing, however, that the railroads have done is to bring the people of the land together and so make a more united country.

## HOW MUSIC CAME TO AMERICA

NOT many years ago there were few children who did not know Barnum's name as well as their own. The coming of the circus in the spring was a delight to which they looked forward even when they were snowballing.

And when the circus had really come and they had wriggled through the crowd till they stood on the very curbstone and saw the golden chariots and the solemn march of the elephants, and heard the bands playing, and —greatest sight of all— caught a happy glimpse of Barnum himself, the big man who owned it, who made it, who *was* it, riding in his open barouche, bowing to the right and the left just as if he was the President, and looking radiantly happy—what was there left in the world for them to see except the performance in the afternoon?

‘What should you like to be when you are a man?’ asked a teacher on the day after the circus; and the small boy answered,

‘I’d like to be Mr. Barnum’s little boy’ — he said ‘Mr.’ because it was in school — ‘I’d like to be Mr. Barnum’s little boy so I could go to the circus every day.’

The glory of the circus lasted the whole year through, for the lucky child who rode on the ‘Shore Line’ through Bridgeport, Connecticut, could see, delightfully close to the railroad, an open yard where elephants were wandering about in the luxury of an idle winter.

It was Barnum who said that people ‘liked to be humbugged,’ and certainly he knew how to humbug them, and did it so cleverly that they went away laughing. For some years he had a museum of curiosities in New York. One day such a crowd came in that there was danger of the floor’s giving way. To alarm the people



would perhaps cause a panic, but Barnum was equal to the occasion. He sent three or four of his men among the crowd to ask one another,

‘Have you seen the exit? They say there is nothing like it in America. It is this way.’

The crowd followed, and in three minutes enough of them were on the outside to prevent danger, and the gateman was saying with a grin,

‘Yes, sir! It is twenty-five cents to go in again.’

Some one said of Barnum,

‘The people *will* go to see old Barnum. First he humbugs them, and then they pay to hear him tell how he did it. I believe that if he should swindle a man out of twenty dollars, the man would give a quarter to hear him tell about it.’

One day Barnum had a new idea. He often had new ideas, but this was an especially good one — if it succeeded. He had

heard that across the ocean there was a young woman with a wonderful voice. She was a Swede, but she had sung not only in Sweden, but in several other countries of Europe, and wherever she went the people could not say enough in her praise. Her name was Jenny Lind, but everybody called her the 'Swedish nightingale.' She was loaded down with costly gifts, and she was praised to the skies. But the more that people praised her, the more modest she became and the more eager to show her gratitude to God for the gift of song by helping those who were of His poor.

Barnum had played so many jokes on people and humbugged them so many times that he was delighted to prove that he could be something more than a showman, that he could bring across the ocean the greatest living singer. But would she come? She hesitated, then said yes, and a lengthy contract was drawn up. It was so gener-

ous to her that Barnum's friends told him he would surely ruin himself.

Even Barnum trembled a little when he realized how few persons on this side of the ocean had any idea of the 'Swedish nightingale' and her marvelous voice, but he set bravely to work to teach them.

Never did a man understand advertising so well as he. He sent articles to the newspapers of the large cities, telling of the singer's voice, her modesty, her kindness to the poor, and her interest in America. He knew well that few people are so eager to see and hear what is really fine as what other people say is fine; therefore he saw to it that the articles in her praise in the European papers were copied on this side of the ocean.

When the time came for her to sail for America, he engaged the most expensive staterooms for herself and her party, and sent a high-priced piano on board for her to use on the voyage. Of course stories of

the enormous cost of the journey appeared in all the papers, and when the vessel drew in, thousands of people crowded the wharves, eager for just a glimpse of her.

Barnum had gone out on a small boat and boarded the steamer, and now he led the singer down the gangplank, and under beautiful arches of green trees with 'Welcome, Jenny Lind!' and 'Welcome to America!' on them. Barnum writes of this, 'I do not know that I can reasonably find fault with some persons who suspected that I had a hand in their erection.'

'Not less than ten thousand people,' said Barnum, 'gathered about the door of her hotel.' At midnight she saw in the street a glare of flaming torches, three hundred of them, borne by firemen in red flannel shirts. These firemen stopped at the hotel door. They were the escort of a musical society of two hundred, who had come to serenade Jenny Lind. It is to be hoped that their songs were short and that

the weary traveler had a little sleep before her breakfast hour. She must have wished that she was back in her village home in Sweden.

Just before the first concert, Barnum informed her that her share of the proceeds would probably be ten thousand dollars.

‘Every dollar of that shall go to New York charities!’ she cried joyfully. She was as generous in other cities as in New York. Ninety-five concerts were given besides many for charity. Barnum was anxious all the time, for he well knew that public interest might suddenly die; but people became more and more pleased with her, and the critics could not say enough in praise of her singing. The price of the tickets was from three to seven dollars; but many were sold at auction at much higher rates. The highest price paid for one ticket was \$650, which was given by a gentleman in Providence. Her share



of the undertaking was \$177,000. Bar-num's was \$535,000, but out of this he had to pay the very great expenses. He never complained, however, for he had brought the musical wonder of the time across the ocean and had proved that he was something besides a showman.

## WINNING THE FRIENDSHIP OF JAPAN

FOR a great many centuries Japan kept by herself. Other nations wished to trade with her, but she said no. Some of her own people wished to travel to other countries; but again she said no—Japan was the most civilized and most powerful nation in the world, why should they care to visit others?

At length some American sailors were wrecked on the Japanese coast, and instead of being kindly treated, were put into prison. When this was known, the President of the United States sent a letter to the Emperor of Japan, complaining and asking that American citizens should in such cases be protected and aided.

Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry was in command of the American squadron. He was just the man for the position. He was as gentle and polite as the Japanese them-

selves; but he did not hesitate to make it clear that the whole force of the American Navy would come to avenge American citizens if they were harmed. He asked, too, that Americans should be allowed to enter certain ports to buy whatever they might need for their vessels. Then, wise man that he was, he did not require the Japanese to give their answer at once, but said he would return in seven months for their decision.

Seven months later he returned. In those seven months the Japanese had been doing some thinking. To be sure, they called their record of the first visit 'Conference with the Barbarians,' but for the first time they had begun to suspect that, instead of being the most powerful and advanced nation in the world, others were far ahead of them.

They had made great preparations to receive their guests. Among the trees were screens of cloth beautifully painted with

the arms of the Emperor. From these screens floated out at every breeze banners and pennants of the most brilliant hues. Stationed near the screens were troops of soldiers in full dress. Along the shores, each flying a flag of the most brilliant scarlet, scores of Japanese boats were moored. On the beach were regiments of soldiers armed with swords and spears and matchlocks. Behind them were cavalry, and everywhere were crowds and crowds of interested people.

The launches and cutters of the squadron set out, led by the Japanese officials dressed in the richest silk brocade of gorgeous colors embroidered with gold lace. The Commodore stepped into his barge, and a salute of thirteen guns was fired from the flagship. The American officers wore their finest uniforms, the sailors and marines wore their blue and white.

As the Commodore landed, the officers

stood in a double line, through which he passed. Then they formed in line behind him. Two stout sailors carried the United States flag — which the Japanese gracefully called the 'Flowery Flag.' After them came two young sailors dressed for the occasion. Each carried a box of rosewood and gold, wrapped up in red cloth.

In one box was a letter of friendship from the President. In the other were the credentials of the Commodore to represent the United States. These were written on vellum, not folded, but bound in blue silk velvet. Each seal, attached to the vellum by gold and silk cords with golden tassels, was placed in a little box of pure gold.

Behind the bearers of these documents walked the Commodore, and on each side of him was a tall, fully armed, finely built negro as his special guard.

So they marched to the house of reception and to the room of state, which was exquisitely hung with violet silk, embroi-



dered with the royal coat of arms. There sat several of the great princes of the land, dressed in heavy silk brocade, enriched with figures of gold and silver. The court interpreter knelt beside a superbly lacquered box of scarlet. 'Are the letters ready for delivery?' he asked. 'They are,' was the reply; and the two young sailors came slowly forward, carrying the box wrapped in scarlet. The two tall negroes opened the boxes, took out the letters, and laid them upon the lacquered box.

Everything was done with the utmost courtesy and dignity, and in perfect silence save for the question of the interpreter. The procession formed again, and while the American boats were pulling off, the bands played 'The Star-Spangled Banner.'

For more than two months the American vessels remained in Japanese waters while the treaty of friendship was being prepared. They exchanged feasts and gifts. The Japanese gave to the Americans spec-

imens of the wonderful lacquer-work of their country, carved ivory, silk, porcelain, and brocade. The Americans gave in return gifts showing the inventions of America, such as clocks, stoves, sewing-machines, and maps.

I think that the two inventions in which the Japanese must have been most interested were the models of a little railway and of a telegraph. The railway was small, but not a toy by any means, for with it came a little locomotive that would run by steam, and would even carry a child as passenger. As for the telegraph, the Americans set up a mile of poles, strung them with wire, and showed their new friends how to send messages through the air.

This visit was the beginning of the friendship between the United States and the Island Kingdom. May Japan's trust in us never have reason to weaken, but stand firm as long as the two countries shall endure!

## THE PONY EXPRESS

GETTING mail from the East to California was slow work in the earlier days. Letters had to go to Panama, then across the Isthmus, then up the Pacific coast. It is no wonder that they never came oftener than twice a month.

After a while, a railroad was built from the East as far west as the Missouri River. A line of stages ran once a week and carried passengers and mail the rest of the way to San Francisco. This sounds like a pleasant little drive, but it was over rough trails, through dust and heat and cold and storm, day after day for three or even four weeks.

At length a few wide-awake men in California had a little talk together. Then they bought several hundred good strong horses, and they engaged a number of young men who were good riders, plucky, not afraid

of Indians, and, above all, did not weigh too much.

One morning early in 1860, a notice appeared in the New York and Missouri papers that made people open their eyes. It read:

‘To San Francisco in eight days. The first courier of the Pony Express will leave the Missouri River on Tuesday, April 3, at 5 o’clock P.M. and will run regularly weekly thereafter, carrying a letter mail only.’

When April 3 had come, the people of St. Joseph, Missouri, hung out their flags and set their bands to playing in honor of the great event. Boom went a cannon, and the rider set off at full speed on a good, strong, well-cared-for black horse.

All the way from St. Joseph to Sacramento, horses had been left at stations from nine to fifteen miles apart. Each rider was expected to ride three stages, but he had a fresh horse at every station.

Such a welcome as the first rider and his black horse received in Sacramento! Thousands of people who did not have a letter once in six months came many miles to see him gallop into the city. No business was done, and the whole town was bright with flags and bunting, and arches covered with flowers.

Just as the big black horse left St. Joseph, a big white one galloped out of Sacramento with mail for the East. In the first fifty-nine minutes the rider went to the first station, twenty miles away. Two minutes were allowed for changing horses, but he did it in just ten seconds and was off again.

Nearly two thousand miles it was from Sacramento to St. Joseph, a lonely and dangerous trip. The rider dashed on through the forest night and day, through storm and rain, hail and sleet, across rivers and over mountains, across ravines and gullies. At first the postage was five dol-



lars for half an ounce — and it was well worth the price — but it was soon reduced to one dollar.

But there was something that went faster than ponies, and that was electricity. In less than two years after the first pony mail trip, a telegraph line was put through, and this ended the usefulness of the Pony Express.

## THE GREAT NORTHWESTERN SANITARY FAIR

DURING the Civil War, two Northern women were talking together about the money that was needed for the soldiers' hospitals.

‘Let us ask the Northwestern States to have a big fair,’ said one. ‘I really believe we could make \$25,000.’

The men of the Sanitary Commission said,

‘Of course they could not do that, but let them try. Every little helps.’

The women went to work. They sent out circulars and letters by the thousand, seventeen bushels in a single day; they asked every editor in the Northwest to print this circular in his newspaper; they called a convention of women to meet in Chicago; and they had the fair.

Everybody had become interested, and



THE GREAT NORTHWESTERN SANITARY FAIR

what a fair it was! People did not ask whether things were proper and fit for a fair, but they gave whatever they could — laces, millstones, great unwieldy machines, Japanese carvings, barrels of cologne and barrels of kerosene oil, a mammoth steam engine, stoves, corn shellers, furniture, sugar mills, scales—anything and everything. There were even orders for machines not yet built. Everybody gave everything.

On the day set for the fair to open, every bank and school in Chicago was closed, and a great procession was formed. Bands played and thousands of people sang patriotic songs. The farmers of Lake County had come into town, and they joined the procession with their wagons loaded with vegetables, turkeys, chickens, ducks, fruit, grain, and barrels of cider. They brought even horses, oxen, colts, and pet bears. These were all sold at auction from the sidewalk in front of the main

hall. Streets were blocked for an hour and street-cars could not run; but no one found any fault. A suffering soldier at the Soldiers' Home asked what was going on; and when he was told, he whispered feebly, 'God bless the farmers!'

Besides the main hall, five others were given up to the great fair. In one was a loan collection of some of the most valuable paintings in the country. One was full of machinery, one of curiosities. One was open in the evening only, and for entertainments of all kinds—tableaux, music, amateur theatricals, and dancing. One hall was used for a dining-room, presided over by skillful housekeepers of Chicago. Young ladies of the city dressed in red, white, and blue, served as waiters. 'How can one give orders to young Goddesses of Liberty?' asked the Governor of one of the States.

President Lincoln was from the first deeply interested in the fair; but he was so burdened with the cares of the Nation



that the managers hesitated to ask for a moment of his time or thought. At last they wrote to him, saying that nothing could be given that would count so much as a gift from him.

‘What shall I send?’ said the President to a friend.

‘Why not send them the original manuscript of the Proclamation of Emancipation?’

‘I rather wanted to keep that,’ said Lincoln; ‘but it can serve no better use than to help the soldiers. Let it go.’

It went; and such cheers as there were in the great hall when the gift was announced. It was sold for \$3000. Engraved copies of it were also sold by the thousand, and the gift of the President proved to be the largest single gift of the fair.

The receipts amounted, not to \$25,000, but to \$100,000. Best of all, other cities followed the example of Chicago. This is what two women did for their country.

## THE GOLDEN SPIKE

NOT so very many years ago there were just three ways of getting to California. You could sail around Cape Horn; you could cross the Isthmus of Panama; or you could go by rail to Omaha and be shaken about by the Overland Stage the rest of the way—some eighteen hundred miles.

The time came at last when two companies were formed, one to build a road from California toward Omaha, and the other to build one from Omaha toward California. These two roads were to meet in Utah.

Never did builders of a railroad have such trials. Sometimes the men were almost swept away by floods; sometimes drinking-water had to be brought one hundred and fifty miles. Sometimes the mud was almost over their heads; some-

times they were almost stifled by clouds of dust. Many a time the ground was frozen so solidly that it had to be blasted with dynamite. Hundreds of miles of snow-sheds had to be built; ties worth six dollars apiece had to be burned to keep the men from freezing. The country was full of Indians, and often only part of the men could work, while the others stood by on guard to save their scalps.

All this was in a wild, new, strange country, a country that was as unknown as the heart of Africa. No one could say whether the road would prove to be possible. One Senator declared that it never could be done, and that he should feel it a waste of money to buy a ticket for his grandchildren; another said he would gladly vote \$100,000,000 to put it through.

Meanwhile, the ends of the two roads were drawing nearer and nearer together. The Union Pacific end had laid nearly eight miles in a day. The Central Pacific

men declared that they could beat this; and they did, for they laid ten miles in one day.

At last the day came for the driving of the Golden Spike. Excursion trains and specials came from the East and from the West. The two great locomotives, one of each road, stood one hundred feet apart, facing each other and roaring a greeting. They were brilliant with flags and bunting and wreaths of evergreen. Every bit of brass about them was polished until it reflected like a mirror. Proudly they stood there, as if they realized what a work they had been doing. Bret Harte wrote of them:

Pilots touching — head to head,  
Facing on the single track,  
Half the world behind each back.'

More trains arrived, bands, reporters, telegraph operators. Messages were coming from all over the country. The operators answered,

‘To everybody. Keep quiet. Hats off; prayer is being offered.’

Only one tie now remained to be laid, the tie of laurel, presented by California, beautifully polished and marked with a silver plate. This was laid in place. Then came California’s Golden Spike, ‘the Last Spike,’ on which was engraved, ‘May God continue the unity of our country as this railroad unites the two great oceans of the world.’ The spike was set in its place, and Leland Stanford, President of the Central Pacific, struck a blow with the silver hammer, which was the gift of the Pacific Union Express. ‘Dot, dot, dot!’ went the telegraph, the signal that East and West had met.

The Golden Spike, the silver hammer, and the tie of laurel were taken up at once and put into safe-keeping.



## THE WORM THAT MAKES PEOPLE LAZY

A LITTLE girl only nine years old was asked by her teacher to write what she knew about hookworms. This is what she wrote:

‘Cousin Libby got one of the worms. I don’t know how. She put it under a little glass. It was a little straight worm with a hook on one end and a tiny black head. When we were in the country mamma would not let us go in the cow lot, near hog pens, slop pails, or dirty mud-puddles, for the hookworm lives in the ground by them. Then they crawl up in your body mamma says and hook on your insides, then they just eat all the time. They make you look pale and weak. You feel tired and lazy. But you can live a long time with the hookworms hooked up in you. More and more keep coming until you get full of them. Then I guess you die. Mamma

says people in the north don't have hookworms like people in the south. I am going to try not to catch them. I guess my cousin in the north will not catch them. This is all I know about hookworms, for I have not been to school but three terms. I will have to wait until I can study big books and learn more about them. I am nine years old.'

This is not a great deal to tell about hookworms, but it is more than the most learned doctors in the land knew about them twenty-five years ago.

One of these learned men, Dr. Charles M. Stiles, a zoölogist, often spent his vacations in the mountains of North Carolina, and there he saw much of strangely behaving people who were spoken of as 'poor whites.' They looked stupid and acted stupid. When he asked them a question, they stared at him dully and often said it slowly after him, as if they were trying to think what the words might mean. They

sometimes ate dirt or clay or soot, or even bits of paper and threads of cotton. They were thin and weak. They were slow and seemed feeble-minded. The children acted like little old men ; and all these people had pain in one part of the body or another. They did not feel hungry ; but they were starving and did not know it.

Many called them lazy and shiftless. Others said, 'They are dying of malaria and poor food.' The young doctor began to suspect that some kind of tiny worm was living in the bodies of these people, and that, no matter what they ate, they could never become strong and well and energetic, because the [nourishment that should have gone to the person went no farther than to the intestines and was sucked in by the hookworms. He had found hookworms in sheep and had seen half of a flock die where the worm was present.

The more he studied these people, the

more certain he became that he was right, and at length he announced his belief that not climate or poor food or malaria was killing them, but that a worm less than half an inch long was making its way into their feet — most of them went barefoot — working on into the intestines, hooking itself in firmly, making tiny holes and sucking their blood, and at length killing them. He was convinced, he declared, that the 'shiftlessness' of the poor whites was due, not to laziness, but to the hookworm.

Most people took this as an excellent joke. The newspapers declared that Dr. Stiles had discovered the germ of indolence, that there would be no more lazy people, for he had found that to make everybody bright and smart, nothing was necessary but to squeeze out that germ.

The people laughed, but while they were still laughing, other students began to bring in proof that Dr. Stiles was right,

and one State of the South after another set to work to cure its sufferers. Fortunately a cure is known, common Epsom salts and a medicine made from a plant called thyme. The Government and the States in which the hookworm lives are trying hard to get rid of it. They send doctors to the schools to tell the children about the hookworm and how easily they can destroy it. The children are taken to the dispensaries, and there they see the worms and the eggs, and sometimes the larvæ coming out of them. They see pictures of sick, unhealthy-looking people who are suffering because of the worms, and other pictures of the same people after they are cured. Other doctors go about among the homes and tell the parents what is being done. Clubs are formed to interest the mothers in the disease and its cure.

The medicine is very cheap, and it costs only a few cents to get enough to cure a



person. The Rockefeller Fund has set apart \$1,000,000 to use for this purpose; and this will save the lives of 2,000,000 sick people.

## HOW WE KEPT OUT OF WAR

IN the time of our Civil War, when a sea captain set out on a voyage, he often said to his friends, 'Good-bye, but maybe I'll be back in a week or two. If Semmes catches me, he'll sink my ship and send me home.'

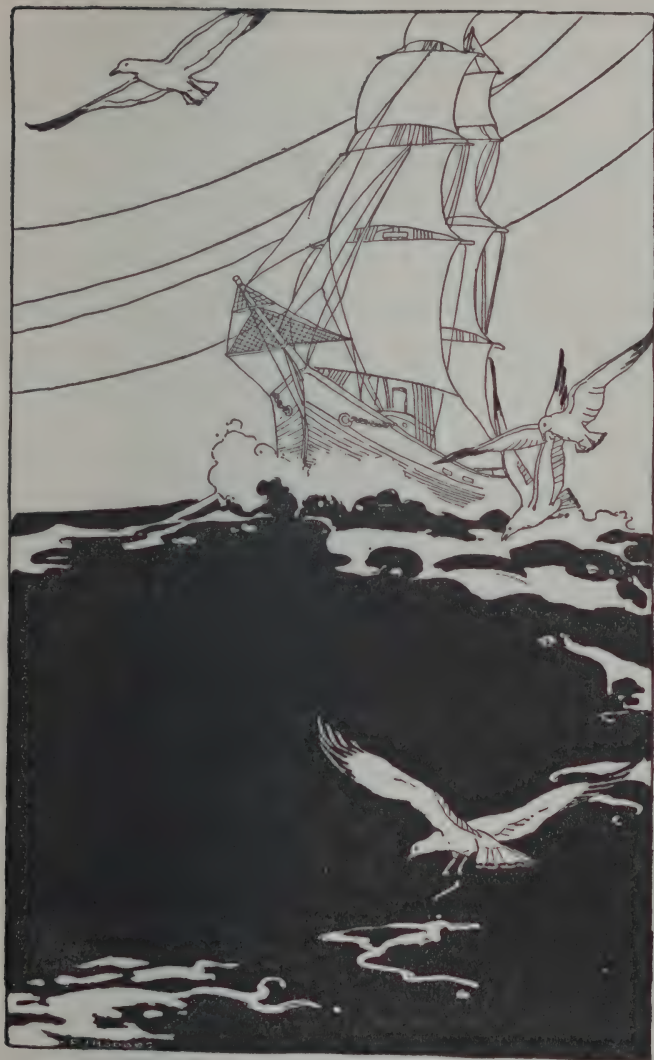
Semmes was captain of a vessel named the Alabama, the most famous of all the privateers sent out by the Confederate Government to destroy the merchantmen and whaling vessels of the United States. It was built in England, and before it was completed, the United States Minister had good reason to suspect that it was meant to be a privateer.

The English Government paid little attention to his warning, and the Alabama was finished and allowed to sail out into the open ocean to the Azores Islands. There another vessel met it and supplied

it with guns and stores. The result was that it captured between sixty and seventy vessels and destroyed \$4,000,000 worth of property.

Now England had declared that she would be neutral — that is, that she would favor neither North nor South. It is a very serious matter for the Government of one country to break a promise to the Government of another, and many nations have gone to war for much smaller causes. Neither England nor the United States wished to go to war, and England made it clear that she was sorry for what she had done and was willing to pay damages.

To decide how much these damages should be was worse than a cross-word puzzle. The privateers built in England had destroyed hundreds of merchantmen and whalers, and it would not be hard to get some idea of the value of these. There were, however, other damages not easy to reckon. While claiming to be neutral, she



THE ALABAMA

had allowed these privateers to be built in her harbors; she had encouraged the Confederates and so made the war last longer and cost more in men's lives and in money; her attacks upon vessels had made the insurance of American shipping much higher; she had interfered with the trade of the United States, for many vessels had been put under the flag of some other country.

These last were called the 'indirect claims,' and they could hardly be reckoned, especially as such injuries would not stop, but would go on into the future, no one could say how long. Whether the indirect claims or only the direct claims for lost vessels and cargoes should be paid must be decided, and England proposed that five men should be chosen to make the decision. One should be named by the President of the United States, one by the Queen of England, one by the President of Switzerland, one by the King



of Italy, and one by the Emperor of Brazil.

These five met in Geneva in Switzerland. They talked the matter over and over, and at length they agreed that \$15,500,000 should be paid by England for the direct damages; but that nothing should be demanded for the indirect damages; and, indeed, how could any one have made even a guess at the proper amount? England paid the money promptly to the United States Government. It was divided among the owners of vessels and others who had lost by the Alabama and other privateers built or fitted out in England. So it was that one war was prevented.

Which was better, to settle the question in this way or to go to war?

## THE HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY OF THE UNITED STATES

ONE day in 1870 a number of Philadelphians were talking about the United States.

‘In six years our country will be just one hundred years old,’ said one.

‘There ought to be some celebration of such a birthday as that,’ said another thoughtfully; and a third said,

‘Here is where the Declaration of Independence was written, and here is where the celebration should be.’

This was the beginning of what grew into the Centennial Exposition, the first exhibition of the kind in the United States. Philadelphia offered the use of beautiful Fairmount Park. Money was raised and buildings were put up. Then all the nations of the world were invited to send exhibits of whatever they could make or produce.

When the day of opening came, the orchestra played the national airs of all nations, and a chorus of one thousand singers sang Whittier's 'Centennial Hymn,' which begins,

'Our Fathers' God, from out whose hand,  
The centuries fall like grains of sand.'

President Grant gave a warm welcome to the whole world. Then he turned to Mr. Corliss and asked,

'How shall I do it?'

'Turn this little crank six times,' Mr. Corliss replied.

President Grant turned the crank, and this set the big Corliss engine in motion. There was a whir and a buzz, and every machine in the great hall, as big as a small farm, set to work making everything that could be imagined, all the way from silks and satins to wooden barrels.

Then people began to move about and to look. To go about the many buildings was like making a tour through fifty coun-

tries of the world. From Switzerland came watches and carvings; France sent lace and silk and porcelain; from India came wonderful tissues of silk and linen and odd pieces of jewelry. Norway and Sweden sent beautiful silver filigree jewelry and life-size figures of persons in the dress of peasants. Italy sent mosaics and paintings. China and Japan sent carvings and wonderful lacquer-work. From Russia came rich green malachite and cloth of gold and silver. From Egypt came gorgeous embroideries and engraved brass. Over the Egyptian section was written, 'Egypt, the oldest country in the world, sends morning greeting to America, the youngest nation.' This was only what one gained from a first glance at one group of exhibits, and there were many more; so many that it would take volumes just to name them.

People from all over the world came to the exposition, even an emperor from

America was there; for Dom Pedro of Brazil was present. Suddenly he began to shake hands with a gentleman in a dark corner half under the stairs.

‘How do you do, Professor Bell?’ he cried. ‘I saw you long ago teaching deaf people how to speak. What have you here?’

What Professor Bell had was the telephone that he had invented. Dom Pedro and he talked together all the evening. People began to ‘Stop, look, and listen.’ Crowds gathered. The judges, who had been on the point of going home, forgot their weariness, and in the morning the Bell telephone held the place of honor of the Hundredth Birthday.



## LIBERTY GIVING LIGHT TO THE WORLD

MORE than half a century ago, a French sculptor named Frederic A. Bartholdi closed the door of his studio and went forth to fight for his country. When the fighting was over, he came across the ocean to forget all about warfare and think happily of things of peace. He found much to enjoy in the New World, but he was especially pleased with New York City and Harbor. He thought of it by day and dreamed of it by night. 'What a place that would be for a great statue!' he said to himself; and little by little he thought out his plan.

A free and mighty country lay around him. Gold did not lie in the streets, as some of the emigrants expected, but it was a country in which every one who was willing to do his best work and be a loyal citizen could have a chance. He

figured Freedom to himself as a noble, gracious, handsome woman, standing on a rock and holding up in her right hand the torch that was to give light to the world. Her robe should fall in graceful folds about her feet. In her hand should be a tablet marked 1776.

So Bartholdi imagined the Statue of Liberty. It should be large, very large. With the sky for a background, anything of moderate size would look weak and puny. It must be larger than any statue ever made, large enough to carry the big thought of Freedom.

Then Bartholdi and his great thought went back to France. All the way across the ocean he had wonderful visions of his statue and its meaning. It should stand high up from the water, where it would greet every newcomer with its offer of freedom and light. At its feet should lie the business of a great city, but its head should be among the stars.

It should stand, too, for the friendship that had existed between the United States and France ever since the days when we needed friends so sorely ; for France was the greatest republic of the Eastern Hemisphere, and the United States the greatest republic in the Western Hemisphere and in the world. Most of all, it should stand for the noble idea of a government which should be 'of the people, by the people, for the people.'

But statues cost money. Bartholdi was not a rich man, and in any case it would not be fitting for such a gift to come from one man to a whole people. It must be a gift from nation to nation. France had been made poor by the war. It was no time to raise money, and a man less earnest than Bartholdi would have given up the plan almost before he had thought it out. But he set to work to arouse the whole country. He talked to any one who would listen to him, and he wrote to the news-

papers. He told the French people of the wide-spreading harbor of New York. He spoke of the old friendship between the two nations, and the millions of Americans who would stop in their busy life to gaze upon the statue and would go to their homes with kindly thoughts of beautiful France in their hearts. To this work he gave his own little fortune and he also gave twenty years of his life. A society was at length formed to raise the money, and the sculptor gladly set to work to make a larger statue than the world had ever seen and one that would bring to millions of people the noble thoughts of friendship and of freedom.

The sculptor set to work happily. The statue was to be about one hundred and fifty feet high—that is, nearly as high as an ordinary church steeple. A strong iron frame or skeleton was made first, strengthened by a mass of masonry. The arm holding the torch was supported by a

heavy wooden beam, built into this masonry. It was covered with a coat of plaster, and over this were fastened sheets of copper, fitted to their places by blows of a mallet. The sheets of copper were thin, but the statue was so large that all together they weighed one hundred tons.

Bartholdi wished very much that the statue could be exhibited at the Centennial. There was not time enough to finish it, but he sent the arm and hand, and many people have not yet forgotten how strange they looked, like a giant who had forgotten to bring the rest of himself.

Four years later, July 4, 1880, 'Liberty' was formally presented to the people of the United States. They had already built a pedestal for it on Bedloe's Island, in New York Harbor.

It certainly was gigantic. The first finger was seven feet six inches long, and the finger nail was thirteen inches by ten inches. Think of a mouth three feet long,



a head so big that forty persons could stand in it comfortably, and a torch that would hold twelve! The pedestal was of the same height as the figure from the feet to the end of the torch. Pedestal and figure together were three hundred and five feet.

At the foot of the pedestal is an elevator. This carried people to the foot of the figure, and if they chose to climb a winding staircase they could mount to the head and even to the torch. Before long, however, the arm began to seem too weak for so much weight, and soon even the powerful lights of the torch were given up. They are now placed where the whole statue is illuminated at night.

When the time came to dedicate the statue, there was a great celebration. Buildings blossomed out in red, white, and blue. The Government sent from the Brooklyn Navy Yard every flag that could be spared. The Treasury Department sent thousands of yards of bunting. There was

a long procession with many bands and much firing of guns. In the harbor big boats and little boats tooted and screamed their welcome. Guns were fired, songs were sung, and when darkness fell upon the city, there was a great blaze of fireworks reflected in the little waves of the harbor. Famous men from both sides of the sea gazed at the statue standing against the western sky, the greatest statue that the world has ever known, and put up in honor, not of victory, but of peace and liberty and friendship. The poet Stedman says in the fancy that the statue is speaking:

‘My name is Liberty!  
From out a mighty land  
I face the ancient sea,  
I lift to God my hand;  
By day in Heaven’s light,  
A pillar of fire by night,  
At ocean’s gate I stand,  
Nor bend the knee.’

## SETTLING A TOWN IN OKLAHOMA

ONE day a strange thing happened in Oklahoma. At noon there was a wide prairie, and before sunset it was the site of a city of several thousand inhabitants.

This is the way it came to pass. In early times there was a great deal of land in the western part of the United States that did not belong to any one State, but to the country as a whole. Much of this land was either given away or sold at a very low price to persons who agreed to take their families and make their homes on it.

Before many years had passed, there was not so very much left of good fertile land to be given away, and when the President declared that at noon of April 22, 1889, forty thousand square miles in Oklahoma, an area as large as Kentucky,

would be given to settlers, thousands and thousands of people from all over the country set out for Oklahoma. All must have the same chance, and therefore no one was allowed to enter the Territory before the sounding of the bugle exactly at noon. They might camp as close to the border-line as they chose, but United States troops were on guard to see that no one went one step farther.

The Government provided maps of the new land, and on these farms and towns were marked out. Some were of great value; others were of much less; and the 'boomers,' as the restless newcomers were called, studied them until both maps and people were worn out. The people became more and more impatient. They sang, they shouted, they marched in processions. Sometimes they quarreled.

The excitement became intense. People were coming in crowds, some on horseback, some as fast as their feet could carry

them, some by wagons, some by train, happy if they could rest one foot on the step and cling to the car with one hand. People bought and sold their chances to get the special lots that they wanted. Any one who owned a fast horse could dispose of it at an enormous price.

Twelve o'clock! The bugle sounded, and in an instant men and women and boys and girls were galloping madly into the Territory. There were tens of thousands, every one wild to get possession of his chosen lot and register it in his own name at the Government land office.

Things moved swiftly in the new city. Before nightfall, a bank was opened and the first number of a daily newspaper was printed. Thousands of settlers had only tents and shanties to settle into, but hundreds of them had already begun their spring ploughing. Votes had been cast for mayor and a city council. Within six months, the new city had five thousand



inhabitants, four daily papers, half a dozen banks, electric lights, and street-cars. Surely there was nothing slow about Oklahoma's fashion of founding a city.

## THE REINDEER THAT MADE THEIR MASTERS RICH

WHEN the white settlers went to Alaska, they thought it great sport to shoot the caribou and the moose, and to drive with steam vessels and rapid-firing guns the whales and seals and walruses far out to sea. This was certainly not agreeable to the animals, and it took away the work and the food of the Eskimos. What was to be done?

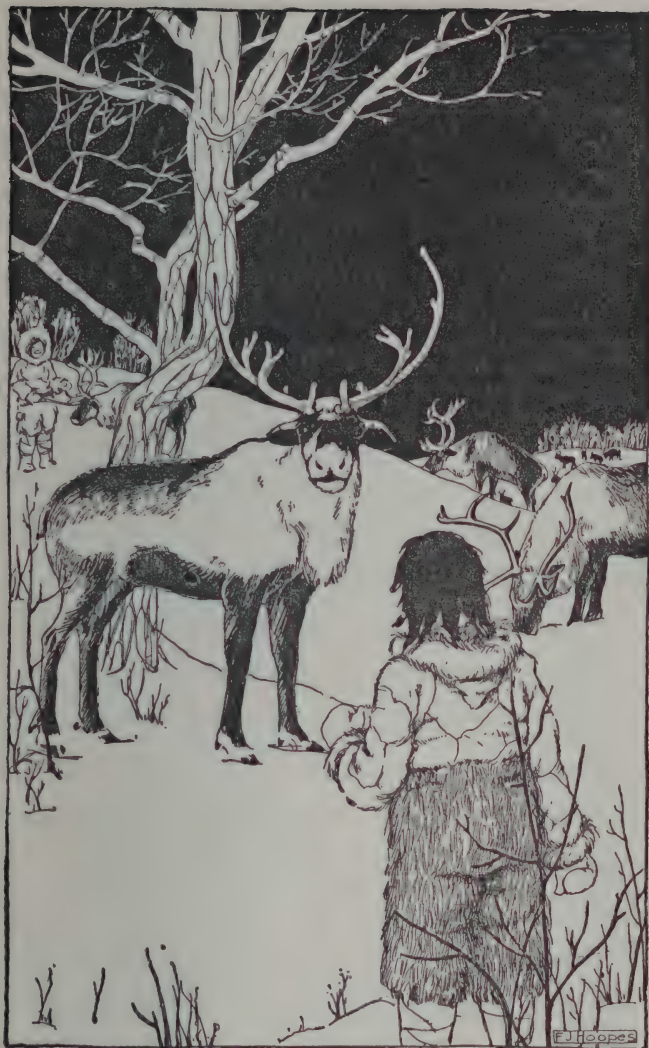
Fortunately there was a missionary in the land who kept his eyes open and thought about what he saw. 'The Eskimos are starving,' he said to himself, 'but just across Bering Straits the people have plenty of food. Why is this?'

He concluded that the whole secret was — reindeer. He set off for Washington and asked Congress to appropriate six thousand dollars to buy reindeer for starving

Eskimos. He might as well have asked for money to buy popguns.

‘Reindeer skin will provide clothes, and reindeer meat will provide food,’ he pleaded. ‘Reindeer live on the moss under the snow, and this they find and dig for themselves. They also serve as draft animals. A pair can drag a load of seven hundred pounds or more thirty-five miles a day. They never suffer from cold, and it does not trouble them in the least when the mercury goes to fifty degrees below zero. Only grant me enough money to buy a few reindeer. These will become large herds, and there will in future be no starving Eskimos in Alaska.’

The learned Senators laughed. Perhaps they thought that the chief use of reindeer was to draw the sleigh of Santa Claus, and they were greatly amused. Senator Teller stood firmly by the missionary, but Congress refused to make a grant. A few people outside of Congress, however, sub-



REINDEER AND THEIR ESKIMO MASTERS

scribed two thousand dollars, and with this Dr. Jackson went back. He bought sixteen reindeer, and persuaded some Lapps to come to Alaska to teach the people how to care for them.

The Government now became interested, and three years later began to make appropriations to buy reindeer. Any young Eskimo who would stay with the Lapp teacher for five years would receive food and clothes, and at the end of that time the Government would lend him fifty reindeer.

The wild reindeer are often devoured by wolves, or starve because so heavy a crust has formed on the snow that they cannot get at the moss; but when they are in the care of a man, he guards them from wolves and he gives them food when they cannot get it for themselves. With this care the herds increased so rapidly that the herders could soon pay back the number of animals that they had been lent by the Government.



This loan of reindeer has been an excellent investment for both Government and Eskimos, for the Government has much more than doubled its money, and the Eskimos, who invested nothing but their labor, have the same amount. In 1891, the Eskimos had no property. In 1924 they were worth \$5,000,000; and it is expected that before long they will be driving a thriving business with the States in reindeer meat.

The moral of this is, 'Don't laugh at the wrong thing.'

## THE LITTLE INSECT THAT STOPPED THE COTTON MILLS

WHEN the bolls are wide open all over a cotton field and the white cotton is bursting out, the field looks as if it had just been the scene of a big game of snowballing.

Raising cotton is not all play, however, for cotton, like most other plants, will not do its best unless it can have its own way. For one thing, it wants the soil to be soft and fine, and so, very early in the spring, the field must be ploughed and 'mellowed.' It must be planted thickly in order to be sure of a crop; but cotton plants do not like to be crowded, and so it must be hoed and thinned out, not once but several times.

The plant itself is hard at work putting out leaves and beautiful white blossoms which turn pink in the sunlight. When

these fall off, there is left on the stalk a little green bud or boll, shaped somewhat like a three-angled acorn. If the plant has been properly cared for and cultivated and the weather has been to its liking, the little boll keeps on growing till it is full of white, fluffy cotton. Then it splits open, the cotton is picked, freed of its seeds, put into bales, and sent to market. But if the plant has not received what it regards as proper treatment, it says to itself, 'I won't play,' and the boll drops off, carrying with it what might have grown into a snowball of cotton.

Unluckily, there are several kinds of insects that are even more interested in the cotton than the owner is, for they depend upon it for food. One species is a caterpillar that eats the leaves. Another is a kind of fungus that attacks the roots, but worst of all is a badly behaved little insect called the Mexican cotton boll weevil. The Mexicans themselves call it

the 'sharpshooter,' for a good reason which will be seen later.

The home of this weevil was Mexico. In 1892 it slipped across the boundary and made its way into Texas. This was a very serious matter to Texas, for that State sells yearly \$400,000,000 worth of cotton. A few years later, the weevil was in Georgia, and the other States where cotton is grown in greatest quantities. It is almost as destructive as an invading army.

The world uses a great deal of cotton. When much less is brought to market than usual, the price goes up and people buy less. Then cotton mills close and men are out of work. It is no slight thing when the cotton crop fails, and this happens very easily when the weevil has a chance to put in its work.

One would expect the creature that causes all this trouble to be big and strong, but instead of that, it is a little gray bee-

tle rather less than one fourth of an inch long. An important part of its body is a strong beak or snout. With this it makes tiny holes in the bolls of the cotton plant — that is why the Mexicans call it the ‘sharpshooter.’ In these holes it lays its eggs. The eggs hatch into larvæ, or caterpillars, and the larvæ live comfortably on the fibers of cotton. They have a soft bed and plenty of food, and when spring comes they are ready to go to work. But the planter will lose a good part of his crop.

What can be done? The weevil is well protected by a tough shell. It is not especially annoyed by cold, and poisons do not give it much trouble. One excellent thing to do is to uproot the cotton stalks in the fall and burn them, together with the fallen bolls, then to plough the land deep and be all ready to plant early in the spring.

Some of the birds are helpful in killing the weevil. The mocking-bird and the



beautiful Baltimore oriole, the quail, and the red-winged blackbird think that Mexican weevils make an excellent lunch. Every one's hand is against the weevil; and yet all it asks of the world is a place to raise its young and a little food to give them.

## ONE OF THE BRAVEST

EVEN after the United States had won the Revolutionary War and was a great free country, some of the rulers of Europe could not seem to realize that there was any reason why people should not cross the ocean, take whatever land they wanted, and make settlements for themselves. This went so far that when James Monroe was President, he declared very clearly to the whole world that European nations would not be allowed to found colonies in either North or South America, and that any attempt to do this would be looked upon as an unfriendly act. This is the famous 'Monroe Doctrine.'

Now the German Emperor wanted to found a colony in Venezuela, and this is the way he set about it. Venezuela had borrowed money from some German bank-

ers and merchants. The Emperor sent his fleet across the ocean and told the Venezuelans that if they did not pay, he should bombard their coast towns and send a garrison of soldiers ashore to take possession of the harbors—which would be the beginning of a settlement.

Then said President Roosevelt to the German Ambassador,

‘Will you kindly say to His Imperial Majesty that unless he agrees to arbitrate this matter, the American fleet will be sent on Tuesday to defend Venezuela.’

‘But my Imperial Master has said that he will not submit to arbitration,’ said the Ambassador, as if that ended the matter. ‘Do you see what this demand would mean?’

‘Certainly. It would mean war,’ replied the President quietly.

A few days later the President said to the Ambassador,

‘Have you heard from Berlin?’

‘I have not,’ the Ambassador said rather indifferently.

‘Will you kindly say to Berlin that I am ordering our fleet to sail for Venezuela Monday instead of Tuesday.’

The Ambassador looked startled and soon went away. Within two days he returned. ‘His Imperial Majesty consents to arbitrate,’ he said.

There is a line of poetry that says, ‘The bravest are the tenderest,’ and the following story of the same President shows how true it is :

One day the President came to spend a few hours in Concord, New Hampshire.

The windows and piazzas and housetops and sidewalks were full of people waiting to see him. At last he came. He was riding in an open carriage, bowing and touching his hat as he passed the thousands who had come out to do him honor.

Sitting on a lawn in the corner nearest

the street was a group of old ladies, who gazed at him eagerly and waved their handkerchiefs. Over the door of the building behind them was written, 'Home for Aged Women.' Roosevelt's quick eye took in the group and the sign. A nod or a touch of the hat was not enough to give to them. He sprang to his feet, raised his hat, and made a deep bow of profound deference. The act meant kindness, courtesy, and respect for the aged; and it helped to prove that the poet was right when he wrote, 'The bravest are the tenderest.' I am glad that I was there and saw the act.



## WHERE IS THE 'GREAT AMERICAN DESERT' ?

WHEN your grandfathers studied geography, they found on the map of the United States a large area west of the Mississippi River covered with little dots and marked 'The Great American Desert.'

No one knew much about this 'desert' except that it was hot and that hardly anything grew on it. Some people actually believed that it was made dry and unfruitful on purpose to keep people in the East so they would not try to go West and perhaps be killed by Indians!

As the years passed, settlers found that this 'desert' land would raise good crops if it was only supplied with water. But how could this be done? It is easy to set up a barrel of water on posts, bore a hole for a pipe, and so sprinkle a flower garden; but to provide water for thousands of acres of land whenever it is wanted and

keep it from sweeping over the fields in torrents when it is not wanted — that is quite a different matter.

One place where water was badly needed was in the beautiful sunny State of Arizona. More than one thousand small irrigation plants had been started. These had proved that the soil was fertile and would yield good crops if it only had water. A really gigantic plant, entirely too big for any one company, must be made, and the United States Government took the matter in hand.

First of all, just as in the case of the barrel and the pipe, there must be something to hold back the water for times when it was needed, and the famous Roosevelt Dam was built across Salt River, a dam that is a dam, for it is two hundred and eighty-four feet high and, when you stand at the base and look up, it towers above you like a precipice. It is no wonder that it took five years to build such a structure.

It was no easy job. Salt River was sixty miles from a railroad, and the first thing to do was to build a broad highway. For forty miles or more this had to be cut from the walls of a canyon or the steep sides of a mountain.

The workers produced their own electricity from the running water. They raised food and forage for themselves. They made their cement on the spot; and the two thousand workers actually built a town with stores, schools, and churches to be their home while they worked.

The monstrous dam held back the upstream water when time of flood came; and in time of drought the gates were opened and canals carried the water to the thirsty lands, while ditches drained away all that was not needed. It made the river above the dam into an immense reservoir twenty-five miles long, that will hold water enough to cover 1,000,000 acres one foot deep. Arizona people speak

of it almost affectionately as 'our little pond up in the mountains.'

This wonderful piece of work cost \$9,000,000, but the products of the irrigated land amount to this sum every year. Better than this, enough land has been made fertile to provide farms for more than thirty thousand families.

The old way for one to become owner of a farm was to work for some one else until he had saved enough to buy one. The new way is to buy one of the farms irrigated by the Government. A man can get fertile land on very reasonable terms. He must settle on his farm and work it and repay the irrigation costs; but he pays no interest and is allowed twenty years to pay the principal. Best of all, he is from the very beginning working on his own land and for himself and his family.

But where is the 'Great American Desert'?

## WHAT TO DO WHEN ONE INVENTS SOMETHING

IF a man invents something that is new and original and useful, he has a right to be paid for his work. To bring this about, he writes to the Commissioner of Patents in Washington, describing the article, making a drawing or model of it, and declaring under oath that he believes himself to be the original inventor. He encloses a fee of fifteen dollars and asks for a patent.

Then things begin to move. The letter is given to an expert, who reads it carefully and examines the drawing or model. He looks up the records and models in the Patent Office to make sure that no one else has invented the same thing. Fifteen dollars is a very small fee for all this work.

If it is decided that the article is new



and original and useful, the inventor pays twenty dollars more and receives a 'patent.' This states that the man is the inventor of the article, gives him the right to manufacture and sell it for seventeen years, and forbids every one else to do so. At the end of this time, the patent may be renewed for seventeen years longer on payment of thirty dollars. It is supposed that in thirty-four years any patent that is useful will pay the inventor well for his work.

'Useful' means more than one might think. A process by which a house may be painted in much less than the usual time might be patented; and so might a toy for children. It is said that nothing else pays so well as children's toys that are cheap and will 'do something.'

Men often advertise for inventions that they need in their business. When the stick of a sky-rocket falls, there is danger of its injuring some one; and a manufacturer of fireworks has offered one thousand dol-

lars to any one who can invent a sky-rocket that will do no harm in falling.

Some of the letters that come to the Patent Office are very funny. It is a common thing for a man to be so wrapped up in his invention as to forget to sign his name to his letter of application. One man seemed to think that a patent was some kind of convenient thing that he could carry about with him and use when he chose, like a pencil or a jack-knife; so he applied for a patent in case he should some day happen to invent something.

Another asked if any one had ever patented a 'water-gage like mine,' as he said, and gave no description of what 'his' was like. Probably he had never heard that at least five hundred water-gages had been patented. Several persons have asked for copies of all the patents ever granted — more than one million!

One man described his invention as fol-

lows: 'Other machines separate the grain from the straw, but mine separates the straw from the grain.' Another wrote that he understood that patents did not cost much, and so he enclosed a quarter to pay for one.

Some inventors have been greatly alarmed lest some one of the officers or employees of the Patent Office should steal their ideas. Evidently they have never heard that the Patent Office is one of the most honest places on earth. In one hundred years there has been only one case of stealing another man's discovery, and in this case the thief was sent to the penitentiary for three years.

After an inventor receives his patent, his troubles are not over by any means. Often he has not money enough to advertise the article, or even to manufacture it. Then his only hope is to sell the patent for a good price or to interest some men who have money to join him in manufac-

turing the article and so buy shares in whatever success it may make.

He may be in trouble because some one is 'infringing' upon his patent—that is, is manufacturing the patented article and selling it; or, if it is some process, like making 'rubber sponges,' is using the process without paying the inventor for permission. In such a case, the only way for him to get his rights is to carry the case into court. This often costs a large amount, for although the Government has given him the sole right to make and sell the article, it has not agreed to defend his rights; he must do his own fighting. Some inventors make great fortunes, but many an inventor has seen others taking the profits that belonged to him and has not been able to protect himself.

THE END









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